

Tonight though he said hello and right away asked me how old I thought he was.

"You're 73, Charley."

"74," he said. "Today's my birthday."

Priorities

I prefer to meet young ladies by telephone
to declare my love by wire
to touch them through their winter clothes.

I have binoculars for the lady up the street
an inverted water glass for the widow next door
and just before bed

the stethoscope for the stammer of my insulated heart.

"What I Need Is A Strange Piece Of Ass,"

said the man next to me, so I showed
him the one in my briefcase.

Nearly rectangular and greyish-green,
I was sure he'd never had anything
stranger.

Was I suprised when he didn't want
anything to do with it.

At 3:00 P.M.

down by the river in Alton,
Illinois, there was a woman

standing in the window of her
upstairs room in the Ritz Hotel.

She was so tall that I couldn't
see her face,

just a blue nightgown that filled up
the window.